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CARNEGIE MAGAZINE

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VOLUME XIV PITTSBURGH, PA., MARCH 1941 NUMBER 10



MORNING LIGHT BY PAUL KOZAK JR.

Twenty-eighth International Salon of Photography

(See Page 291)

THE CARNEGIE MAGAZINE

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VOLUME XIV NUMBER 10
MARCH 1941

There is some soul of goodness in things evil,
Would men observingly distil it out.
—KING HENRY V

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« 2 »

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The Carnegie Institute will be the final home of every worthy collection of pictures and museum objects when the men and women who have chosen them wish to have the world enjoy them.

—ANDREW CARNEGIE

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A TWELFTH NIGHT EPISODE

PITTSBURGH, PENNSYLVANIA

DEAR CARNEGIE:

In rereading Shakespeare's "Twelfth Night," with the approaching visit of Helen Hayes and Maurice Evans in view, I found a line given to Sir Toby Belch in Act III, Scene 2, in this way: Sir Toby is enticing the cowardly Andrew Aguecheek to send a challenge to that gay young blade, Sebastian, and tells him to make his letter large and full of oaths, "although the sheet were big enough for the Bed of Ware in England." I have looked everywhere for "the Bed of Ware in England," but cannot find it. Has the line any meaning?

—G. S. LEWIS

The Bed of Ware was made in the reign of Henry VI for the Earl of Warwick, the kingmaker. It bears the carved date 1464, and it is nine feet long by eleven feet wide. Soon after Warwick's death it passed into the possession of the Saracen's Head Inn in the town of Ware. It served for long years as an attractive curiosity, and people came frequently from London to sleep in it for a lark. It is related that six couples came at once to enjoy its slumbers. Charles Dickens bought it in 1865 but soon sold it to Rye House as a public object—because of its size and history, so many other people wanted to see it. Its ties with Shakespeare are not its only historical feature, as it is mentioned in the plays of Farquhar and Ben Jonson. It stands today in the Victoria and Albert Museum in London.

BE YOUR OWN CRITIC

BEN AVON, PENNSYLVANIA

DEAR CARNEGIE:

I was delighted with Mr. MacGilvary's article on the current exhibit at the Carnegie Institute. I long to have his matter-of-fact, comprehensive writings given to the general public. It was for the layman, and how I would love to see it reprinted in every publication in the country. He cut away the nonsense that clutters up the popular conception of art and artists. With more of that "us artists" might be called citizens! I love your Magazine and read it from cover to cover.

—JANE WITHERSPOON

TESTIMONY OF AN IOWA "HICK"

WATERLOO, IOWA

DEAR CARNEGIE:

I like your February issue, just received. It gives the layman a comprehensive idea of what you are doing at Pittsburgh in the field of Art. We "hicks" in Iowa need illustrations to enable us to visualize.

—FRANK LYNN

WISE PLANNING

Worthwhile things do not just happen; they are brought about.

—ANDREW CARNEGIE

PHOTOGRAPHY AS ART AND NEWS

By JOSÉ ALEMANY

Assistant Professor of Modern Languages, Carnegie Institute of Technology

[Mr. Alemany has exhibited in so many salons both here and abroad that in 1940 "The American Annual of Photography" rated him the most prolific exhibitor from Pittsburgh. In the last world competition of "American Photography" at Boston, he was awarded two honorable mentions, and was the only Pittsburgher accepted. A number of his pictures have also appeared in photographic publications. Sinclair Lewis has written of him, "Sir, you are certainly one of the very best portrait-creators living"—which Mr. Alemany does not take seriously. The Pittsburgh Salon of Photographic Art, from which we have reproduced these illustrations, may be seen at the Carnegie Institute until April 20.]



PHOTOGRAPHY is something very big. Like writing, it is a means of recording, expressing, and communicating; and men with cameras have no more in common than men with pencils. Just as a

peaceful waters, babies and puppies, flowers and Mexico—that is, the good things of life.

Even there, however, you may not entirely forget Europe when you consider that this exhibit, normally international, contains only three pictures from the bloody continent, all from Italy. Nothing came from Great Britain, which used to send so many beautiful prints. The invitations were sent world-wide this year, as in the other twenty-seven years, and for the first time the answer was a terrible silence. Even during the worst days of the Spanish civil war, prints came from Spain. None now. The lights are out all over the continent and adjacent islands. The night is dark indeed.

Great photographs are coming from Europe these days, however, but not to pictorial salons. Photographs such as that of the Frenchman weeping as the flags of his defeated army are taken to Africa—a photograph we shall never forget, more gripping than any number of words, a photograph that makes all the pictures of all the salons look trivial. We see these pictures and we know they are the truth. No painting could penetrate so deeply into us as those pictures. We have seen paintings of the epic of Dunkerque, but the photographs we had seen, in spite of their fuzziness and their bad technical quality, are engraved forever on our brains. We forget the paintings because they are the interpretations of men who probably were not there, while the photographs bear witness to what really was. Their very

pencil may be used to order the groceries, to describe a chemical experiment, or to give out a war communiqué, so a camera can be used to photograph a new hat, an old hat, a hundred hats, either for the record, or for advertising, or for the beauty of it. Practically everybody around here has gone to school and learned to write, and practically everybody has a camera. Just as only a few try to write literature, though they all write, only a few of those using cameras try to be literary or artistic with them. This Pittsburgh Salon is made up of photographs by some of those who try, and who, in the opinion of the judges, succeed.

The pictures are in the nature of short poems—some sentimental, some funny, some grand. To visit the show is a great way to forget the war, for this Salon is decidedly escapist, not man-scapist, as Professor MacGilvary called the Associated Artists Exhibition. In the Salon you will find cool misty forests, beautiful nudes, romantic sunsets, bearded old men, boats on



AIR RAID BY W. H. BETTLE

fuzziness is convincing, since we know that if we had taken those pictures, our hands, too, would have been shaking with frenzy. The greatest photography of these terrible years is that of the news photographers, just as the most important writing is being done by the American foreign correspondents—that magnificent set of men and women, clear-eyed and stouthearted; they saw and foresaw and, what is more, they told and foretold.

What we get from the press is so direct, is such potent stuff, that when we visit a salon, it appears lifeless, timid, bloodless—perhaps, because we are jaded. The salon pictures have artistic merit, they are pleasant to see, and the exhibitors deserve congratulations, especially if you keep in mind that the 318 prints hanging in the Pittsburgh Salon were chosen out of 1849 that were submitted.

Most of the pictures sent to salons are taken during the two-week or one-month vacations that busy men manage to get in the summer. Photography is a hobby for most contributors, a much-needed relaxation from their business. During long winter nights they go over

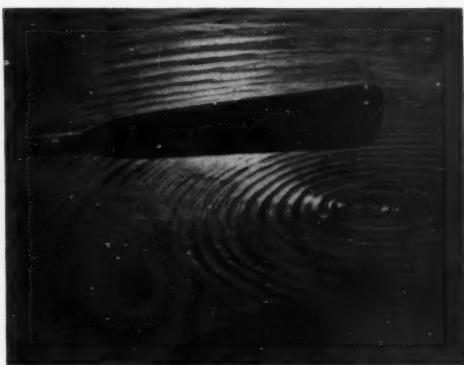
the many negatives from the summer, endeavoring to make perfect prints out of the best, and thus repeating their vacations many times, living over again those days of happiness, while outside the house smog saddens everything. It is one of the ways human beings have devised to stand the stress of modern city life. That is why salon contributors usually seem to be escapist. They are escapist, and do we dare to blame them, especially this year? After all, it is just as true that spring brings daisies as it is that it brings blitzkriegs, and most of us would rather muse on roses than on panzer divisions. Somehow, the term "pictorial" photography has come to denote a rather optimistic—if not Panglossian—way of looking at the world.

This reviewer enjoys very much looking at the pictures in the Pittsburgh Salon. And who would not? But he thinks that since the peculiar superiority of photography over the other visual arts is that it "bears witness," it is a mistake made by some exhibitors to indulge in handwork upon the negative or the print, because if the onlooker has reason to suspect that the picture is other than "the whole truth and nothing but the truth," he automatically raises a psychic barrier that keeps the picture from penetrating the depths of his being. He may admire the cleverness of the tampering photographer, but he certainly will not let the picture affect him as he would if he knew it to be straight.

There is another error, which is very much on the increase—the worship of size. Practically all the pictures in the exhibit this year are four times the size of this page, and many are even larger. So many fields have been taken away from the painters by the photographers that it seems they could well afford to be generous and leave the painters the job of making murals. There seems to be a new cult of the colossal, perhaps an unconscious attempt to reach by size that power possessed by the magazine pictures. It is a question, however,

whether a photograph is something meant to cover a wall or something to be held in your hands. Human arms would have to be three times longer to look at these pictures in comfort. It is not necessary, for Luke Swank, for instance, seldom makes his prints larger than this page, and yet his work requires only quiet contemplation.

Another criticism of the reviewer is that there are other artist-photographers, with very different approaches, whose work is seldom seen in pictorial salons. There is a sort of civil war among photographers, getting more ludicrous every day, and resulting in the fact that the one Pittsburgh photographer whose prints have been acquired by many great museums for their permanent collections—that is, Luke Swank—is not represented in this Pittsburgh Salon, nor has he ever been asked to be a member of the jury. None of the great Hollywood men has sent anything, nor any of the wonderful photographers of "Vogue" and "Harper's Bazaar." Neither Steichen, nor Edward



WATER RINGS BY ERNEST SCHNIZER

Weston, nor Margaret Bourke-White, nor Stieglitz, nor, in fact, any name known to laymen—meaning by laymen such men as the art editor of The New York Times and the directors of museums—is represented.

The Carnegie Institute has found it possible, through a spirit of eager curiosity, eternal youth, and magnanimity, to have for many years the unique International Exhibition of Paintings, where all styles, all tendencies are exhibited; where all the

famous painters of the world show their canvases. When it was difficult to induce one of them, like Picasso, to submit any pictures, all imaginable ingenuity, persistence, and savoir-faire were employed, successfully, to make him change his mind. It seems that it should be possible to do the same in the field of photography, to have a show containing the best work of the best photographers regardless of schools,



FOILED BY KARL OESER



SHORE ICE BY EDWARD T. HOWELL

tendencies, or theories. It is very likely that if the very same jury called to the Institute to judge the paintings for the International could be induced—with pay, of course—to look at the photographs and choose the 300 they like best, and if this revolutionary innovation were made known far and wide, the famous photographers now absent from the Salon would send their best work.

Photography is a powerful thing, one of the greatest powers possessed by man, and so vast that it is hard to gauge. Of all modern inventions, it is probably the one that most intimately concerns the central core of man. Its significance is such that a student of social relations should meditate and write upon the impact upon mankind of this profusion of true facts offered daily by photography. Thirty years ago the newspapers did not publish any photographs except on Sunday. The number of illustrated periodicals, like the London "Sphere" and the Paris "Illustration," was very small—probably less than twenty in the entire

world—and they were very expensive. Now the dailies carry a great number of beautifully clear photographs, and the number of picture magazines, at incredibly low prices, is beyond reckoning. People are in possession of facts through their eyes to an infinitely greater degree than they were a generation ago. What has been the effect of all this? It is hard to tell. The peoples of the world certainly do not appear to have been very smart of late. Perhaps we would have to conclude that the stupidity of broad masses of rich and poor during the last ten years, in regard to the general state of the world, was a willed stupidity, that they willed to ignore what they saw but

did not like—a grave moral and intellectual sin, with retribution attached.

TECH ORCHESTRA PROGRAMS

THE student symphony orchestra at the Carnegie Institute of Technology has been presented in a series of weekly broadcasts over station WCAB for six consecutive years. This year three half-hour programs were given under the direction of J. Vick O'Brien, head of the department of music. During the final program on Saturday afternoon, March 1, the orchestra played Dr. O'Brien's lyric opera, "Roses of Mercatel," from which the theme music of the orchestra is taken.

UNCERTAINTY OF INHERITANCE

If there is anything certain in human affairs, it is that valuable acquisitions are only to be retained by the continuation of the same energies which gained them. Things left to take care of themselves inevitably decay.

—JOHN STUART MILL

THE LIBRARY IN A TORN WORLD

BY RALPH MUNN

Director of the Carnegie Library of Pittsburgh



PUBLIC reliance upon the Library in time of need was again demonstrated during 1940, this time in relation to national defense. Middle-aged men, long unemployed, and National Youth

Administration

students stood together at the technology shelves examining elementary books on blueprint reading, welding, and the machine trades. Burghardt's "Machine Tool Operation," Plumley's "Oxyacetylene and Arc Welding," and many similar books were more popular than novels. On a higher level of endeavor, scientific books, periodicals, and patent files were in constant use by research workers. So great was the demand for technical literature that funds were diverted from other fields to purchase the books needed by industrial workers.

The defense of the American way of life by spreading a greater appreciation of its meaning was a project that was emphasized throughout the year. American histories and biographies, commentaries on our governmental system, stories of the struggle to secure the freedom guaranteed by our constitution, and other background materials were constantly displayed along with current books dealing with the present crisis.

In this effort, the Library was following the lead of the American Library Association, which proclaimed in a recent resolution: "Libraries have an opportunity to make possible the reading of thought-provoking books on socially

significant questions; they have an obligation to make it difficult for people to escape the influence of such books. Librarians do not tell people what to think; they do give their readers, in books, the facts and ideas which are the food of thought. A generous provision of books and services on all aspects of current problems and their historical antecedents is the first obligation of the library in times like these."

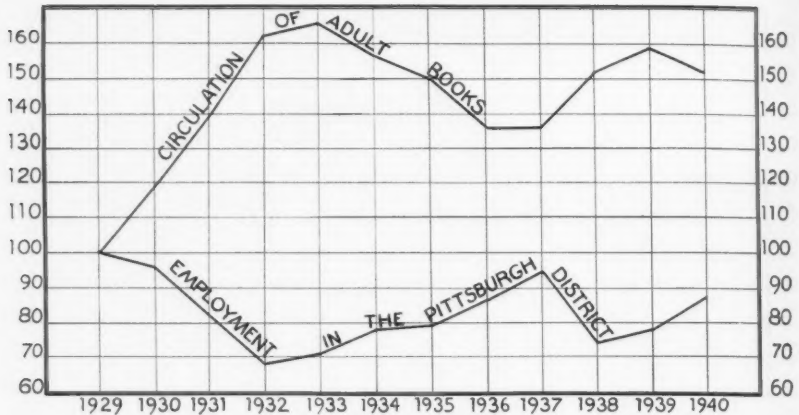
The reading room now being constructed in the light court adjacent to the lending department will become the Public Affairs Room. Current and background materials on all public questions will be more conveniently and prominently displayed upon its completion.

Along with the marked increase in the use of books on national defense came a decrease in general reading. Books themselves were scarcer, due to a ten per cent reduction in the City's appropriation for their purchase. The borrowing of books for general reading would doubtless have declined in any event, however, because of increased employment and public preoccupation with the war and national defense. Newspapers, magazines, and the radio claimed more time from everyone; even the knitting needles must answer for some of the decline in general reading.

The 1940 record of books lent was 4,081,187—a drop of only four per cent, which is less than the national average. In the number of books lent for home reading, Pittsburgh stands sixth among the ten largest cities, being exceeded by New York City, Chicago, Detroit, Los Angeles, and Cleveland.

For the first time in its history the Library sought in 1940 to limit the number of its borrowers. Circulation increased nearly fifty per cent during the

THE CARNEGIE MAGAZINE



Book borrowing is a barometer of business conditions, as is shown by the opposing curves of employment and library circulation.

nineteen-thirties, and by 1939 it had reached the point beyond which staff services and the book collection could not be extended. Since library support comes exclusively from Pittsburgh city taxes, it was decided to limit free borrowing privileges to residents. A fee of three dollars per year was imposed upon all nonresidents, including those who are employed in the city. It is hoped that nonresident students and other serious readers who need the Library's extensive collections will be able to continue as borrowers, but that those who wish only "best sellers" and recreational reading will look elsewhere. The elimination of free borrowing privileges to nonresidents may cause these suburbanites to give greater support to their own local libraries, most of which are on an insecure financial basis.

Carnegie Library is in the front rank of a national movement among public libraries to focus more and more of its energies upon educational, vocational, and information services, at the expense of purely recreational reading. This movement is based solely upon financial pressure; lacking funds for all services, the least important ones must be sacrificed. Motion pictures, the radio, cheaper magazines, and rental libraries have all been developed in recent years

to supply recreation; the community must, however, depend upon its public library for the extensive book collections and trained assistance that are essential to more serious reading, study, and research.

In accordance with this policy the book fund was spent as follows:

	Per Cent
New adult fiction.....	4
Replacement of standard fiction.....	5
New adult nonfiction.....	32
Replacement of nonfiction....	15
Books for boys and girls.....	33
Periodicals, chiefly technical and reference.....	11

Securing books and periodicals from Europe is still an unsolved problem. English sources are, of course, open to us and only one shipment is known to have been sunk, although another one is long overdue. English periodicals arrive irregularly but only a few are missing. Continental sources are virtually closed, except as occasional shipments are received by way of Siberia. This Library's chief concern relates to important German scientific and technical periodicals, and it has joined other American libraries in seeking British permission to have German publications brought through the blockade to a censorship bureau in Bermuda. In the

meantime, our agents are storing continental periodicals in Leipzig and Rome.

Widespread desire to express one's viewpoint upon the controversial issues confronting the world has led to the publication of an unprecedented number of pamphlets. The five thousand pamphlets received by the Library in 1938 was a normal number; during 1940 the number jumped to 14,019. About 65 per cent of them were purchased, and included the publications of Town Meeting of the Air, University of Chicago Round Table, Foreign Policy Association, and a host of other well-known organizations. The rest—over five thousand—came as gifts, chiefly unsolicited, and represented the attempt of some organization or individual to influence public opinion. Among them were suggested panaceas



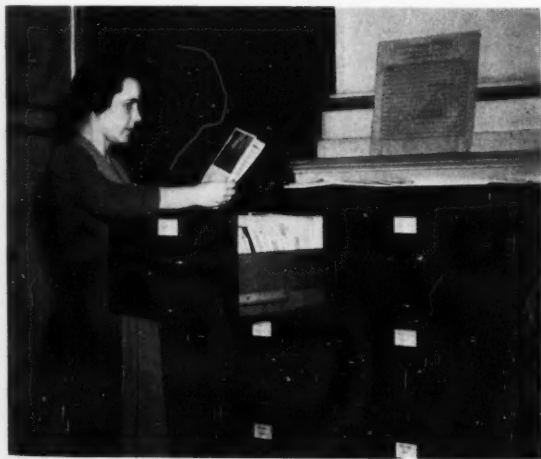
Library day comes once each week in many parochial schools, which are far removed from branch libraries.

for all the world's ills. To sort the useful ones from this mass of material was a prodigious task.

This account of the year 1940 must not leave the impression that every activity related to war and defense.

The music division, for example, was far removed from international involve-

ments. It was, however, constantly embarrassed by demands greatly in excess of its resources. This division was established only two years ago, and so lacks the strong standard collection that should have been accumulated through many years of purchasing. Only one copy of most of the symphonies is available, though there are often fifty requests for the work being currently played by the Pittsburgh Symphony Orchestra. The New Friends of Music and many individuals gave generously, actually donating more



Batteries of vertical files with pamphlets and clippings are essential to the reference librarians who answered 50,000 questions in 1940.

musical scores than the Library could purchase.

The technology department's contribution to research is reflected by five 1940 publications whose authors give credit to the department's services.

The David Lindsay Gillespie Reading Room fully demonstrated through its second year that it is attracting many Pittsburghers to good reading. An analysis of its borrowers shows that many people from the least scholarly of oc-

cupations are reading books of the highest character.

Even this brief account must make some mention of the Library's services to boys and girls. Measured by volume of circulation, it amounts to about 45 per cent of the total; in value—who can say? Librarians have faith, though, that the reading of nearly two million informative and inspirational books cannot fail to contribute helpfully toward the proper rearing of the new generation.

DIORAMAS PRESENTED TO TECH



BLAST FURNACE

WHEN the United States Steel Company dismantled its exhibition building at the New York World's Fair, the chief feature of the display, three animated dioramas, became the property, by gift, of the Carnegie Institute of Technology. This generous and valuable accession to the resources of the school is to be placed in the Hall of Engineering for permanent display, and it may be seen there by the public as a featured attraction at Tech's annual open house on the evening of April 25.

These living replicas are scale models in perspective of the three principal steps in steelmaking—the blast furnace, the open-hearth furnace, and the rolling mill. They tell the continuous story

of the making, heating, and treating of this product, with many pieces of machinery in operation just as in actuality. They are built in exact detail, at one twenty-fifth real size, and their rigidly exact construction by world-famous designers of dioramas required months of work under the close supervision of United States Steel technicians.

The models are each approximately sixteen feet long, seven feet high, and eight feet deep; and may be set in motion by pressing a button. This releases an extremely intricate mechanism that enables these miniatures to run through in three or four minutes the operations and processes represented.

The model of a blast furnace shows

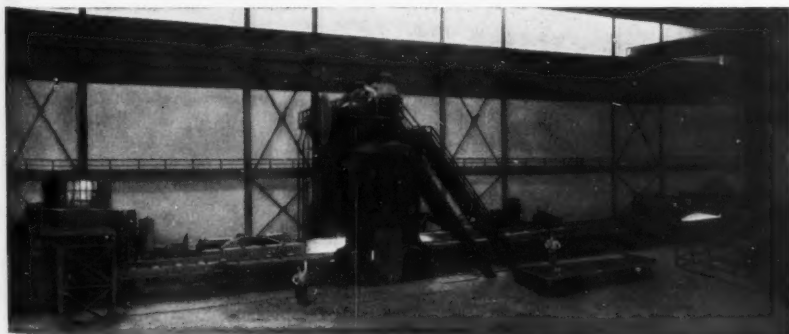


OPEN-HEARTH FURNACE

how huge stock piles of iron ore, limestone, and coke are accumulated; how the furnace is fed; and how it operates. The second diorama displays the most practical and widely used method in the preparation of steel today—the open-hearth furnace—with the hot metal being poured into one of the furnaces for refining into steel, while another is being tapped. A huge ladle poised over a row of ingot molds demonstrates how the steel first takes its shape and is made ready for rolling. The third exhibit portrays the rolling of the steel ingots into slabs. Soaking pits, where the ingots are raised to rolling temperature; the heavy-duty reversing mill that reduces the ingot to slab; the shear and slab piles; and even the pulpit protecting the operators from heat and scale while they control the electrically

operated machinery are to be seen here.

In accepting the gift for the Carnegie Institute of Technology, Webster N. Jones, Director of the College of Engineering, said: "The United States Steel Company has conferred an unusual honor on Carnegie Tech in designating it as a permanent site for these unique World's Fair displays. Miniature engineering feats in themselves, they symbolize one of the highest developments of the engineering art—the mechanics of modern steel production. Both for study and inspiration to the generations of engineers who will go out from Carnegie Tech to serve the industry of Pittsburgh and the nation, the values and uses of these displays are inestimable. We are deeply grateful for this sign of confidence in Tech's part in our great Workshop of the World."



ROLLING MILL

THE PRINTS OF GEORGES ROUAULT

BY JOHN O'CONNOR JR.

Assistant Director, Department of Fine Arts, Carnegie Institute

[A Rouault exhibition including 115 etchings, lithographs, and wood engravings, which was assembled and is being circulated by the Museum of Modern Art, New York City, is being shown at the Carnegie Institute from March 5 through March 31. In the article, "The Old King," which appeared in THE CARNEGIE MAGAZINE for September 1940, there is a more extended discussion of the life and art of Georges Rouault.]

It is related that the maternal grandfather of Georges Rouault collected prints and, as an admirer of Daumier and Manet, purchased as many of their lithographs as his purse would allow. He was anxious that his grandson should become a painter, and he took the boy with him when he went to look at pictures. The story is also told of his rejoicing when Georges, at four, began to make chalk drawings. There is little doubt that he interested the child in his precious scraps of paper by Daumier and Manet and explained to him that here was the great democratic form of art expression. Even if Rouault had not been introduced to prints in his formative years, it was inevitable, and in the tradition of French art, that when he became a painter he would turn his attention eventually to the making of prints. It is true that he did not do this until he was forty, but in the ensuing thirty years no other contemporary painter has devoted so much time to print-making as he. And perhaps today, in the midst of the third invasion of his country in his lifetime, he is adding to the great series of etchings entitled "Miserere et

Guerre," or planning another one.

Rouault's prints are very personal. In a sense, this is true of the work of all artists, but it may be applied in a particular way to his etchings, lithographs, and wood engravings. These prints have come out of his very being. "Emotion fiercely personal," writes Monroe Wheeler, "has given this art its great originality; it is as unique as the intellect and feeling which have produced it." Rouault's life has been a warfare in a physical and spiritual sense. He battles on all fronts. He lives in the world, but he is in a constant struggle against the world, and so he may well be characterized by the phrase of his friend, Suarès, as "the monk of modern art."

His technique as a print-maker is personal in that it is his very own and, to a large degree, original with him. As in his paintings he combines all the mediums of expression on canvas, so when he turns to prints he shows his ingenuity and disregard for the conventions of his craft. When he was asked how he made an etching, Rouault is said to have replied: "They give me a copper plate, and I just dig into it."



"VERONICA'S VEIL"

MISERERE ET GUERRE SERIES

(Etching)

That is expressive of his personal approach to his problem. In his etchings he uses almost every instrument known to the engraver and every acid known to the etcher to secure the results he desires.

His lithographs are not made with crayon alone. He makes his first sketch on stone with brush in lithotint. Afterwards, with crayon, he shades his blacks and grays as usual, but he also uses a scraper and emery paper.

In his wood engravings he makes the drawings, but in the actual work he collaborates with Aubert, who does the engraving. Rouault, however, studies and corrects every proof. Together they have produced several hundred blocks for books, some of which have not been published as yet. As for the results he obtains through his technique, Monroe Wheeler writes: "For although there have been many masters of black and white, it may be said that there has never been so great a master of black alone. I can think of no other artist who has obtained variations so like color, so liquid and so luminous that certain of these great etchings achieve the effect of black and white reproductions of oil paintings."

It may be well to discuss Rouault's drawing, which very properly comes under his technique in his etchings, lithographs, and wood engravings. As Venturi notes: "His drawing bears no relation whatever to academic drawing. Before 1903, he demonstrated that academic principles held no secret for him, but he later destroyed all this



"ORPHEUS"

MISERERE ET GUERRE SERIES

(Etching)

knowledge. We must trust him. If he destroyed, he had good reason for doing so." In Rouault's drawing, the end justifies the means. "His art," writes Venturi, "does not submit to the beauty prejudice. His images are not nice. In literature we find heroes who are not nice. The fact is that besides nice people there also exist trollops and buffoons, and if Rouault found his way by portraying them, the only thing for us to discuss is his way."

It is known that Rouault was apprenticed to a maker of stained glass when he was fourteen. He worked at that early age with reds and blues and heavy leadings. Perhaps the stained-glass technique in his drawing and the color of his prints has been overstressed, but it is there, and naturally so. Stained glass is the most Christian of the arts. It belongs to Christianity, and Rouault, who is obsessed by Christianity, has the privilege and the right to use it, especially when the drawing and color lend themselves so effectively to his purposes.

The subjects of his prints are personal in that they come out of his being and experience in life. They, the subjects, are symbols through which he releases his thoughts, meditations, and his outlook on the world. There are, first, portraits—real and imaginary—as, for example, the extraordinary and unforgettable self-portrait, and then those of his friends, Moreau, Verlaine, Baudelaire, and Léon Bloy. They are simplicity themselves in drawing and com-

position, and yet they express the quintessence of each character. His next subjects are circus scenes—clowns and girls and horses. These beings are, as Rouault has so well put it, "mythology of the very young and the very poor." The circus to Rouault is a symbol of life, and those who play therein are the people, especially the humble, the poor, and the suffering, who bring to the world "a laugh which strangles itself." Rouault himself belongs to the suffering, and in a letter to Suarès he wrote: "I believe in suffering; with me it is not feigned; that is my only merit." In the scenes of the circus, we see the sympathetic side of Rouault in his all-embracing compassion for mankind in the guise of a clown, often the personification of despair when he is in the task of making the world laugh.

There are his courtesans and women of the street, which to many seem strange subjects for Rouault's art. Perhaps one should know Rouault's friend, Léon Bloy, the pure Christian who spoke always in the name of the Absolute, and his novels, in order to understand Rouault's attitude and his purpose in portraying them. Of these subjects, Jerome Mellquist writes: "They are abandoned Eves—brutalized beings who have sold their modesty and forgotten their shame. Yet he does not condemn them. Rather, he pictures in them the irrevocable consequences of sin and man's necessity to seek forgiveness. They stand for the universal sorrow of the human race. As one critic says, 'They attain that maximum of ignominy beyond which there is place only for the most frightful pity.'"

And then there are his judges and lawyers, who, to Rouault, represent man's unjustified assumption of moral authority, the story of social injustice and hypocrisy that exists in high places. Rouault has no personal resentment toward the judges, but his attitude is one that he may have inherited from Daumier or Forain, particularly Forain, who was famous for his court scenes and his critical attitude toward those who

sit in judgment on their fellow men. It is more likely that Rouault is resentful of the judges as taking unto themselves the place of the Great Judge, Who, to Rouault, is at once terrible in his wrath and then the dispenser of sympathy, understanding, love, and hope.

This leads to a consideration of Rouault's favorite subject, the Saviour. In discussing this, it is important to point out that a profoundly religious sentiment pervades everything Rouault portrays. His friend and interpreter, Jacques Maritain, explains it thus: "There is in Rouault a purity—well-nigh jansenist—which could become cruel and which explains his strength and his liberty. There is also in him as a hidden source of life, an intense religious feeling, a faith of a mad hermit, which conducts him to Huysmans and to Léon Bloy, and which makes him discover the image of the Divine Lamb in all of the abandoned and wretched whom he pities. It is religion which is at the source of his tenderness and his revolt, of his hate against all kinds of pharisaism."

In discussing Rouault's prints of religious subjects, it is well to keep in mind that he was the favorite pupil and personal friend of Gustave Moreau. Moreau, academician and medievalist, was the conventional religious painter par excellence of the *Ecole des Beaux-Arts*. Rouault had a profitable and honorable career before him as a painter of religious subjects, but he broke definitely with it in response to the inner call to approach religious themes in a manner free from hypocritical convention. In a way, his representation of Christ is his ranting—and he loves to rant—against the banalities of most religious painting. More than that, the Christs of Rouault come direct from early Christian art. They spring from the first sources of Christianity, when man originally began to believe in Him. His Christ is presented not as the God of mercy, but as the outstanding victim of human cruelty. In some of his Crucifixions, as Venturi indicates, Rou-

ault has succeeded in simplifying form for intensity of expression to such a degree that we must go back to the art of the thirteenth century to find such religious fervor and grandeur.

There remains the consideration of the subjects for his great series of etchings, fifty-seven in number, composed over a period of twelve years, 1915 to 1927, "Miserere et Guerre." In this set there are many topics, related, perhaps, only in the mind of the etcher to the general theme. It is as if he were attempting to say that humanity and all its activities are involved in the horror of war. There are the devastated regions of France, the dead and the dying, funeral processions, the departure of soldiers,

the sorrow of parents, lawyers, pompous citizens, Orpheus, superior ladies, the skeletons of soldiers, proud military leaders, and intermingled with these subjects, as symbols of comfort and hope and salvation, are the Crucifixion, the Virgin and Child, the Saviour, and Veronica's Veil. They tell the story of Rouault's horror of war and brutality, man's inhumanity to man, and Rouault's *De Profundis*: "I am the silent friend of those who exist in the pit of suffering, I am the ivy of eternal unhappiness which attaches itself to the leprous wall behind which rebellious humanity hides its vices and virtues. A Christian, I believe only, in these threatening times, in Jesus on the cross."

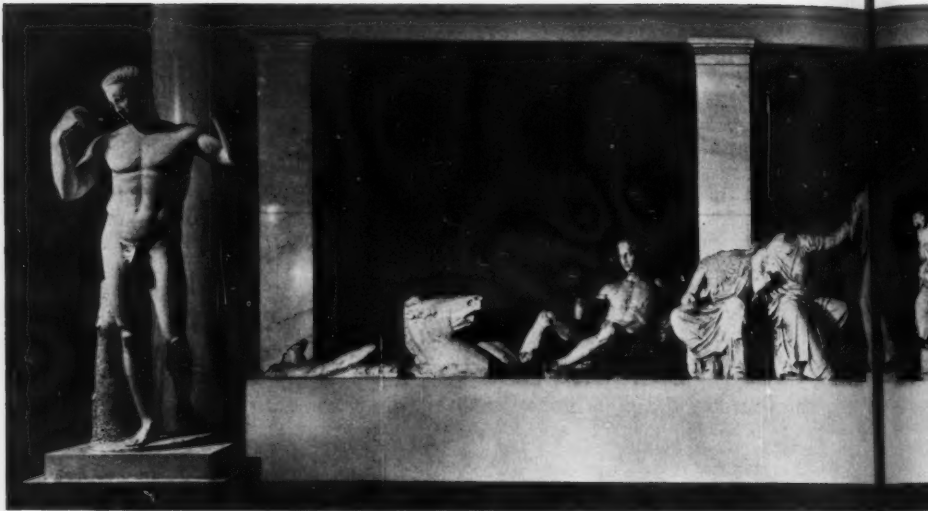
PHIDIAS IN THE CARNEGIE INSTITUTE

The Century-old Story of the Elgin Marbles

THE dispute that has raged for over a century throughout the artistic and cultural world concerning the acquisition by Lord Elgin of the beautiful marbles of the Parthenon has its reverberations even today in the minds of art lovers and travelers. Although it was fortunate, in many ways, that Elgin rescued the marbles, in so doing he weakened the stability of the Acropolis structure and for this he has been criticized. His name is, and always will be, famous to art lovers, though, for making more accessible to countless travelers and students the beauty of ancient Greek art, unsurpassed through the ages. Whether or not these priceless possessions of Greece should have been removed from their original place on the hill beyond Athens and brought to the British Museum seems to evoke arguments even on the part of the British nation—proud possessor through purchase of these highly valued statues and pieces. At the time of their purchase discussion in the House of Commons was carried on for days, and while

a decision was finally reached, it did not seem to meet with approbation from the entire body. The story of the acquisition may be briefly told thus:

In the summer of 1801 the Earl of Elgin—g hard as in gore—obtained access to the Acropolis for general purposes of drawing, modeling, and removing pieces of marble sculpture. The wars between the Turks and the Christians had destroyed a great part of the architectural beauty of the Parthenon; and what the wars had not destroyed, travelers had carried away as souvenirs. Lord Elgin used his official capacity as former British ambassador at Constantinople and availed himself of a certain warm feeling the Turks then had for the English government to obtain the right to excavate as he might desire. At enormous personal expense, Elgin had whole blocks of these marbles shipped to England, for he realized that the inevitable destruction and daily mutilation that was going on would in time render the statues valueless artistically. After several years of imprison-



HELIOS

OLYMPUS

THE HORAE

THE EASTERN PEDIMENT OF THE PARTHENON AS IT IS DISPLAYED IN THE

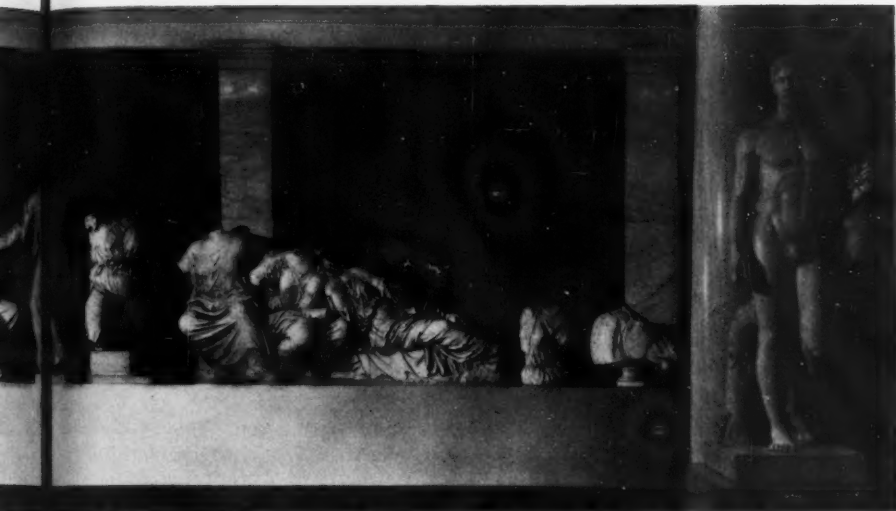
ment in France and trial by the Bonaparte government over his action in removing the marbles, he finally—in 1806—got back to London with his spoils and set them up for public display in his own house.

Feeling then that his lovely and authentic treasure, which was being received with the greatest enthusiasm among all lovers of art, should be owned by the government and kept on view with other gifts and state acquisitions at the British Museum, he opened negotiations in 1811 to sell the marbles to the government for permanent display. The price offered was too small, however, and, in the meantime, additional pieces of the collection continued to arrive, making it more and more valuable. Eventually Lord Elgin offered the collection to the country, asking only for the value of his figures, after experts had examined and appraised them. Elgin's estimate of his outlay, based on itemized details, was 74,000 pounds, or almost \$400,000; but in view of the circumstances, he was paid only \$175,000, a price he accepted

since he felt that the marbles should be in trustworthy hands and permanently placed for posterity.

And so, for over a century these remains of antiquity have been ours to admire. For the Elgin marbles are truly admirable. The most important pieces of the collection are, of course, the sculptures from the Parthenon—the famous temple of Athena—now a shattered ruin crowning the summit of the Acropolis. Reproductions from these Parthenon pieces are a part of the Carnegie Institute collection—mainly the figures from the eastern pediment of the temple, a remnant of great splendor—and are now housed along the wall in the Hall of Sculpture.

The subject of the sculptures of this pediment was the birth of Athena, the patron goddess of the city itself. One of the greater Olympian deities, she was pre-eminent as a civic goddess, and it was especially as a tutelary of Athens that she came to be viewed as the characteristic divinity of Greek genius, in its artistic and intellectual aspects. In Greek mythology, Athena is said to



NIKE

THE THREE FATES

SELENE THE HORSE OF SELENE

S DISPLAYED IN THE HALL OF SCULPTURE AT THE CARNEGIE INSTITUTE

have sprung fully armed from a wound in the head of her father, Zeus, who, according to some accounts, swallowed her mother, Metis. As the figures are set up in the Hall of Sculpture, we find, as we face the pediment, in the left-hand corner, Helios, the sun god, and his horses arising from the sea. Only the upper part of the body of Helios is represented by the sculptor, the arms extended as if to guide the course of the horses, of which the heads alone appear. Unfortunately the head and hands of Helios are gone, but the horses' heads are in fair condition—full of life and thrown back as if impatient of the resistance of the reins. As one critic says, "The fiery steeds of Helios plunged snorting out of the water." There were four originally—two are still in Athens.

Next comes the splendid male figure in reclining attitude, the most perfect of the pediment sculptures, wanting only the hands and feet and part of the nose. He is stretched out, leaning against a rock, and in Elgin's day was known as Theseus, the powerful youth who, for ridding Attica of Procrustes, slaying

the Minotaur, and other deeds, was the hero of the country. The best authorities now, however, call this figure of heroic build Olympus, the personification of the mountain god, who was terribly shaken by the birth of Athena. The head still rests upon the powerful shoulders, showing that quality of manly beauty belonging to Attic art in the time of Phidias. The harmony of its proportions is subtle and overpowering, making a form of ideal beauty and strength.

The next figures are two elegantly draped goddesses, headless and handless, seated on square thrones and leaning confidentially against each other. Both wear the long, girded chiton—or loose gown—of a heavy material, which as it falls in rich folds, shows wondrously the majestic form. The attitude is admirable and so is the handling of the drapery. Often called Demeter and Persephone, they are better named the Horae, or the Hours, warders of the gates of Olympus. Next in order, adapted to the rising space of the pediment, is a standing female figure, five



HELIOS, THE SUN GOD, RISING WITH HIS HORSES FROM THE SEA
AND THE MOUNTAIN GOD, OLYMPUS.

feet eight inches in height, headless and armless, a hurrying girl in light floating drapery, clearly Iris—who, in her lightning speed, knew not time nor space—the messenger of Zeus, hastening to the Hours to tell the news of the birth of Athena so that they might proclaim the event to the world, to the land of Attica. The treatment of these three maiden figures shows what an advance had been made by Phidias in the technique of the sculptor.

The great central group is altogether lost, and how the subject was treated is a matter for conjecture. As the artist represented his theme, however, it is probable that Athena was appearing in maidenly majesty amid a group of astonished gods, and in reconstructions of the Parthenon this idea has been carried out.

Passing down the right side of the pediment we come to the torso of Nike, now believed to have belonged to the western pediment. This goddess of victory, whose duty it was to welcome Athena, is generally represented as winged, but only the wonderfully beautiful torso remains in the Elgin collection. The wings, especially inserted, as indicated by the square holes on the shoulders, were also of marble and gave the figure the appearance of striding forward. Next to this beautiful figure are three superb, draped, female figures

of the highest style of art. The first of these is seated in a firm, upright position; the other two are apparently in close relationship, one of them being seated upright while her companion half reclines on her lap and shoulder. These three figures were formerly called the group of the Three Fates, but one critic has interpreted the lone figure turned toward the goddess of victory as being Hestia, who was the personification of the hearth and home of Olympus; and the two linked figures as Thalassa—the Sea, and Gaia—the Earth. The glorious form of womanhood is enhanced here by drapery so exquisitely modeled that it falls about the figures in simplicity and grace. The grandeur and ease of life in the forms and limbs under the drapery reveal how great is our loss in the lack of the heads. These three figures balance the two Horae and Olympus on the other side.

The last of the figures on the right is a single horse's head, which belonged either to the team of Night or to Selene, the moon goddess, whose torso is just to the left of it. Here again, arms and head are gone, but the body, bent forward, clad in a charioteer's costume, indicates the goddess' direction in guiding her chariot on its downward way. Her steeds, one in the Elgin marble group and one still in Athens, seem shy of the dark abyss, and the protruding

eye and distended nostril show intensity of watchful action. The subtlety of the technique, compared with other sculptured horses' heads, mark it as sublime. This descent of Night into the deep seems to indicate that with Athena's birth the night disappeared and the new day dawned in the person of the sun god coming up in the opposite corner.

These figures, cut in the round, as they were, illustrate the beauty of the entire Doric temple of the virgin goddess, Athena, as it must have been in its original form there on the Acropolis at Athens. Its architects were Ictinus and Callicrates, and this worthy monument for the adornment of their city stands to their everlasting fame. The general supervisor of this temple of superb proportions, and the greatest of all sculptors, Phidias, was undoubtedly the genius who visualized the whole, and it is his name that is most glorified when the sculptures of the Parthenon are mentioned. When Pericles appointed him director of public works at Athens this master mind created greater statues than ever were before or will be again. Dozens of sculptors worked under him, but the Athena and Zeus statues were the work of the one great commanding artist. His best medium was gold, ivory, or bronze, and his heroic Athena, with all her elaborate carving, must have offered a dazzling and overpowering sight to visitors.

The fact that some of the figures may not have been the work of Phidias, but that of various sculptors of the time, does not detract from their grace and design—of such elegance that it has never been surpassed. As the famous English essayist, William Hazlitt, says, "This is the great and master excellence of the Elgin Marbles, that they do not seem to be the outer surface of a hard and immovable block of marble, but to be actuated by an internal machinery, and composed of the same soft and flexible materials as the human body. The skin (or the outside) seems to be protruded or tightened by the natural action of a muscle beneath it. This result is miraculous in art; in nature it is easy and unavoidable." Hazlitt goes on to say also that the marbles demonstrate the impossibility of separating art from nature and that there is evidence in the details of the figures that these statues are copied from nature and not from imagination. The communication of art with nature is everywhere, he says, the details are those of nature, the masses are those of nature, the action is everywhere impressed on the external form, as if the very marble were a flexible substance, and contained the various springs of life and motion within itself. The details shown in the illustrations, of the figures that make up the whole structure, show these thoughts of Hazlitt's to be laid in truth.



TWO OF THE THREE FATES; OR THALASSA, THE SEA, RESTING ON GAIA, THE EARTH



THE GARDEN OF GOLD



SOME three years ago the University of Pennsylvania set out to raise a fund to mark the early coming of its two-hundredth anniversary. Plans were elaborately made, everybody was notified, general interest was aroused throughout Philadelphia, and at last the public mind was set aflame with a purpose to gather a sum that would match the usefulness, value, and dignity of that great school. When the University called its friends together last October, President Roosevelt being the orator of the day, a general subscription running over \$5,000,000 was announced to the world. It was a magnificent answer to an inescapable imploration; it was like an answer to prayer. And when the individuals who contributed this enormous sum were set down and located, each to his vocation, it was found that virtually every business, financial, and industrial institution in the Philadelphia area, and the great merchants and small tradesmen, had given to the limit of their ability to make up a purse which was fat and fruitful and full of rich promise and felicitous achievement. It was a beautiful tribute from a great community. But what would the total have been if some town crier had shouted through the streets at eight o'clock every evening that a capable philanthropist had offered to give two dollars for every one so subscribed?

In the case of the Carnegie Institute of Technology the town crier has made such an announcement—namely, that if the Pittsburgh community will subscribe \$4,000,000 by 1946—a much longer time, by the way, than the three years Philadelphia needed to raise her \$5,000,000—the Carnegie Corporation of New York will give an additional sum of \$8,000,000, making \$12,000,000 of new and permanent endowment for this great Pittsburgh school, with its

perpetual income of \$600,000 a year, all to be spent in Pittsburgh.

Well, we are going to get the \$4,000,000. Every one is taking notice. Here comes into the Garden of Gold Edgar Kaufmann Jr. with a noble purpose in his mind of establishing a scholarship at Carnegie Tech to help boys and girls obtain an education which otherwise it might be difficult for them to manage. Young Mr. Kaufmann sent in the first installment of this life-giving fund a year ago—\$800—and this year he adds \$200, making his foundation \$1,000, out of which, like a bird created into life, one dependent student has already emerged. The gift sums go into the Endowment Fund, while the income will take care of Mr. Kaufmann's protégées. And whatever this thoughtful friend of a great cause may do to increase the power of his benevolent idea will be made more fruitful by the addition of two dollars for each one of his.

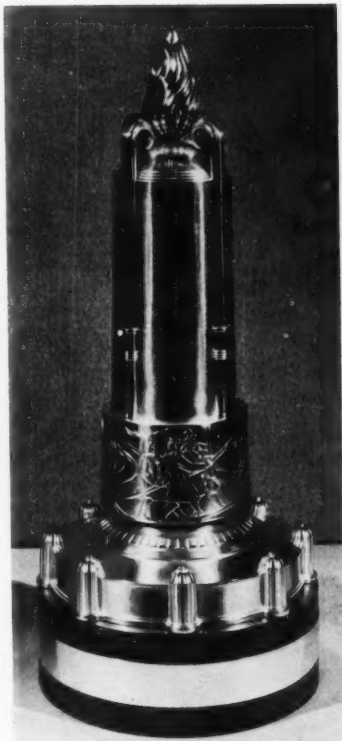
In addition to this sum of \$1,000, we have a gift of \$13 to the Endowment Fund from the following alumni: Florence I. Bechtel, Betty Mackey Lentz, and Anthony J. Kerin.

When these contributions to the Carnegie Tech Endowment Fund are added to the total sums recorded in the Garden of Gold for February 1941, they bring the total of cash gifts for the work of these institutions during the fourteen years since the inauguration of THE CARNEGIE MAGAZINE, in April 1927, to the following amounts: for the Carnegie Institute, \$1,311,822.95; for the Carnegie Library of Pittsburgh, \$40,629.12; and for the Carnegie Institute of Technology, \$230,745.68 for operation and equipment, and for its 1946 Endowment Fund, \$1,604,027.32; making a grand total of \$3,187,225.07. There is still \$2,395,972.68 to be raised before the two-for-one arrangement can be met.

CARNEGIE TECH IN THE ASSOCIATED ARTISTS SHOW

THE catalogue of the Associated Artists of Pittsburgh exhibition for 1941 shows how loyally and how fittingly the members of the faculty, graduates, and students of the departments of painting and design, sculpture, and crafts at the Carnegie Institute of Technology took part in making this thirty-first annual enterprise an outstanding show. This participation is not confined alone to the art departments, but includes the President of Carnegie Tech, Dr. Robert E. Doherty, who had three water colors in the exhibition, and who won an honorable mention with his oil, "Beer Party."

By actual count sixteen members of the faculty, fifty-four graduates, thirty-two present students, thirty-nine former students, and two former members of the faculty were represented by oils, water colors, black and whites, sculpture, and crafts. All the prize winners except one, and most of the winners of honorable mentions, are either members of the faculty or present or former students. Alan Thompson, who won the Carnegie Institute prize for a group of oil paintings, and Abe Weiner, who won the Association's first honor and award, are students now at Carnegie



CITIZEN'S TROPHY

Designed and Created by Frederic C. Clayter

Tech; and five members of the faculty—Robert Gwathmey, Roy Hilton, Barbara Levette, Wilfred A. Readie, and Samuel Rosenberg—took prizes in various divisions of the exhibition.

Frederic C. Clayter, also of the department of painting and design, whose entry in the crafts group did not compete for a prize, nevertheless has created a silver trophy that should be of extreme interest to all Pittsburghers. There are few cities in the United States where so artistic and elaborate a piece would be commissioned or appreciated, and few cities would have the opportunity to have the idea executed in such a medium by such a

master of his craft. This is the second of the silver trophies, known as the Citizens' Trophies, that Mr. Clayter was commissioned to do for the Department of Safety of the City of Pittsburgh. The money for them was given by interested Pittsburghers to raise the standards of service in various departments, and the trophies are to be circulated annually to the company having the best rating. Last year Mr. Clayter exhibited the trophy he designed and created for the Police Department, and his entry this

year is that for the Pittsburgh Bureau of Fire. This piece, like its predecessor, carries out the objective of the creator in being inspired by the work of the department and was designed to interest the men who are to receive it as

a prize. It is made up of ninety-four separate pieces, and is put together with a nicety of detail—the fire plugs and the flame, for instance—that makes it a most distinctive work of art and a prize well worth winning.

THE GIFTED CHILD OUT OF SCHOOL HOURS

By JAMES KOSINSKI

Assistant Preparator, Section of Education, Carnegie Museum



TODAY a child's learning outside of school is just as important as his learning inside the classroom, and because of this the Board of Public Education and the Carnegie Museum decided to start a nature

class for honor students in the elementary grades in the city schools. Begun in 1929, the group numbered only sixteen. From then to the present, the club has grown both in membership and scope. The Carnegie Museum Nature Club is now made up of especially selected eighth-grade pupils from the Pittsburgh public schools, has a current membership of about fifty, and meets every Saturday morning during the winter months from November to April. The only group of its kind in the field of education, as far as it is known, its aim is to give the student some first-hand practical, as well as theoretical, knowledge of science. In a sense it should not be called a club, because there are no elected officers who do official club business, but it is a group of intelligent children who meet regularly under competent supervision and direction to

investigate the various phases of natural history for vocational and avocational possibilities. Each one, to be chosen by his nature-study teacher for participation, must have an intelligence quotient of 120 or higher and must show a keen interest in the flora and fauna of the world.

The classroom method is not used in teaching or exploring the phases of natural history, and there is very little lecturing. Most of the work is done by demonstration and with the help of visual aids. The child is shown how to do things and then, with the necessary equipment, is given an opportunity to try his skill. For example, on the making up of scientific mammal skins, the members are first shown, as in the accompanying illustration, how a skin is prepared by an expert in this field. With a fresh specimen, he goes through every step carefully from the skinning of the mammal to labelling and cataloguing. The club members do not sit "dreaming" while this is going on, but note and diagram each step carefully in a notebook. Then, at a subsequent session, each member is given a fresh specimen on which to try his own skill.

The animals the members work on are some that have been donated to the Museum or collected by one of the staff members for this specific group, and are

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THE CARNEGIE MAGAZINE

always those that are not protected by state or federal law, the majority of them predators.

While the members are working at the Carnegie Museum, they are also building a museum in their own schools. In other words, they act as curators in their schools, giving their classmates information on natural history, and collecting and preparing specimens in a scientific manner. The results of the work done during the year are exhibited in the Children's Museum for one week at the end of the school year, then the members take their specimens to their respective schools where they become permanent exhibits.

After these students have spent one year exploring in the Carnegie Museum Nature Club, they may join the Carnegie Museum Nature Hobby Club. Here they may follow the field in which they are particularly interested—biology, archeology, or paleontology are the three divisions of the club at the present time. First started in the fall of 1937, this group is under the direction of O. E. Jennings, Curator of Education at the Carnegie Museum, and J. LeRoy Kay and John Clark, of the Section of Invertebrate Paleontology.

This club, too, is a co-operative organization of the Section of Education of the Museum and of the Board of Public Education, and J. A. Hollinger, Director of Nature Study and Visualization in the Pittsburgh public schools, is on the advisory committee. It meets every Saturday morning.

The activities of the Carnegie Museum Nature Club are diversified. During the year field trips and collecting trips are made, the acquired plants are mounted, wax leaves and plants are made, small and large mammals and birds are prepared, soap carving consumes another meeting, recent invertebrates are studied and discussed, glass blowing is demonstrated, the preparation of reptiles and amphibians, as well as the study of local snakes—both poisonous and nonpoisonous—are included with various other phases of natural history for the club members.

After fourteen weeks of work with these pupils, they were given this statement to answer: "Write down everything that you think is wrong with this club and give suggestions that you think will help." The following are some of the answers:

"I like working with fossils and



A DEMONSTRATION LESSON IN PREPARING A SPECIMEN BEFORE
THE CARNEGIE MUSEUM NATURE CLUB

copying lecture notes in my notebook. I can't give any suggestions because I think the club is run very nicely."

"I like everything this club does. In later years the information I learn here will help me in school."

"I think everything about this club is just right. I particularly liked the demonstration given by the glass blower."

"I like taxidermy because it's different from any other subject and more exciting. No complaints."

In looking back over the files, it is gratifying to the Carnegie Museum to find that many of the former members of the Nature Club have followed the line of nature study in selecting a profession. A good proportion of them are going to college, and of these, several have secured fellowships in the field of natural history. And for the others who have no opportunity or desire for further education, natural history work has become a fascinating and always interesting hobby.

FREE LECTURES

Music Hall

CARNEGIE INSTITUTE

During the Lenten Season, instead of the usual recital programs on Saturday evening at 8:15 P.M., Dr. Bidwell is delivering a series of six lectures.

MARCH

29—"Jan Sibelius—A Voice from the North."

APRIL

5—"Shepherd's Pipes—The Story of the Flute." (Assisted by Victor Saudek, Flutist).

CARNEGIE INSTITUTE OF TECHNOLOGY

Tickets for the following programs may be secured by writing to the Department of Music, College of Fine Arts.

APRIL

3—The Student Symphony Orchestra and Chorus, under the Direction of Frederick Dorian, Assistant Professor, Department of Music, in a Recital at 8:30 P.M.

20—The String Ensemble, under the Direction of Karl A. Malcherek, Associate Professor Department of Music, in a Recital at 8:30 P.M.

NATURE CONTEST TO BE HELD

THE CARNEGIE MUSEUM will hold its eighth annual Nature Contest in the Children's Museum of the Carnegie Institute on Saturday, April 26, 1941. Since 1934, the year of the first contest, boys and girls of Pennsylvania schools have prepared for participation in this contest, the purpose of which is the identification of local flora and fauna. The pupils of grades five through eight will take their test at 10 A.M., the high-school students—grades nine through twelve—will identify their specimens at 1:30 P.M.

Specimens of plants and animals are selected from a study list, assembled, and displayed behind numbers. A list of these numbers is given to the contestants—fifty are put out for the elementary students and one hundred for high-school pupils—and the name of the specimen is filled in. To those who correctly identify the greatest number of specimens, prize books are awarded. These are chosen after the winners have indicated their special interests in phases of natural history, the selection of the gift being made in relation to this interest, and in accordance with the wish of the contestant.

Any boy or girl in Pennsylvania is eligible to enter the contest, and in previous years students from the Pittsburgh Public Schools as well as from Altoona, Greensburg, Johnstown, and Mt. Morris, Pennsylvania, have participated. At the time of the contest a study list for the forthcoming year is distributed to every child so that they may have a full year in which to learn and study the plants and animals of their native state. Entry blanks for this year's contest are available upon request of the Section of Education of the Carnegie Museum.

A detailed description of this event, with illustrations of the specimens and participants, will appear in the May 1941 number of THE CARNEGIE MAGAZINE.



"THE PLAY'S THE THING"

Reviewing "Dawn in Lyonesse" by Thomas Job
from the Novel by Mary Ellen Chase



By HAROLD GEOGHEGAN

Professor of the History of Art, Carnegie Institute of Technology



WHEN I read Mary Ellen Chase's delicate little story of a girl who worked as a waitress in a hotel at Tintagel and was so haunted by the legendary figures of Tristram and Iseult, that they finally became

identified in her mind with herself and her lover, I should never have believed that anyone would see in it material for a play. Yet Thomas Job has succeeded not only in making of it an interesting and exciting three-act drama but has managed at the same time to preserve a good deal of its rather elusive charm.

It is true that he has used Miss Chase's tale principally as a starting point. Of actual action there is hardly anything in the story. Ellen Pascoe loves Derek Tregonny. She has loved him for five years, but economic conditions have prevented their marriage. She receives a telegram one day telling her that Derek has been drowned, goes to the funeral, and discovers that Derek has deceived her with her friend Susan. With the new understanding of love that has come to her from pondering over the romance of Tristram, she sees the inevitableness of their love and forgives Susan. That is practically all there is in the way of a plot.

Mr. Job has very considerably extended the plot. He has altered the character of Ellen by giving her a fierce temper that she certainly has not in the

novel. The forgiveness of Susan does not come so easily—in fact, Susan narrowly escapes being murdered by Ellen. The secondary personages in Miss Chase's book are vague and only important in so far as they affect Ellen's thoughts and feelings. None of them, as far as I remember, actually speaks except Susan. The others merely exist in Ellen's memories. Mr. Job has shown great ingenuity in building up from the merest hints quite a gallery of three-dimensional characters. The silent war-shocked Derek takes on a definite existence of his own; the Professor—in the book an anonymous American gentleman who talks to Ellen of the old legends—is a delightfully written character and an integral part of the play; the aphoristic hotel manageress, Miss Penrose, is very amusingly elaborated from a line or two in the original. The Susan on the whole is Miss Chase's Susan, though Mr. Job has made her more pert and knowing than the stolid peasant girl of the novel.

Even in the character of Ellen, much is of the adapter's invention. We have to see and hear her in situations which the novelist has not needed to describe or wished to introduce.

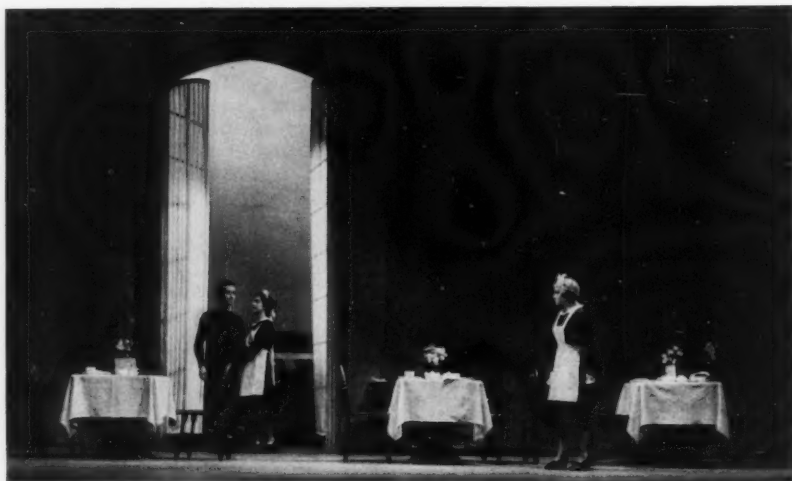
I suppose a novelist always feels that he has been more or less betrayed when his work is adapted for the stage by someone else. Most readers, too, when they have loved the book, feel this same sense of betrayal. In this case, however, the original material is so sympathetically treated that I am quite willing to believe that Miss Chase's Ellen and Mr. Job's Ellen are one and the same person.

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The invisible background figures of Tristram and Iseult that haunt Ellen's dreams, and eventually her waking life, are what gives the novel its *raison d'être*, and, I daresay, the part of it which attracted the author of the play. The difficulty of establishing on the stage the mystical connection between the love of these "huge cloudy symbols of a high romance" and the love of a little Cornish servant girl and her lover must have been great. On the whole it has been successfully overcome. The final scene—when the actual drama is over—in which Ellen, numbed and exhausted after the emotions of the funeral, returns to the hotel, and in the grey dawn light sees the figure of Susan coming toward her, and believes that she is seeing the reincarnate Iseult, is not entirely convincing, and seems to need more leading up to. It has, however, moments of beauty, especially when Ellen realizes that it is Susan and not she who has been the fatal Iseult of Ireland of the legend, and that she herself was the other Iseult, Tristram's forsaken wife—Iseult of the White Hands. Other parallels between the two love stories are so unobtrusively

introduced that the spectator can ignore them if he wishes. The scene where Susan and Derek meet for the first time and drink from the same teacup is evidently the great scene of the love potion in the legend. After all a love potion is a love potion, whether it is drunk in a wayside teashop or on a great ship, eastbound for Cornwall to the accompaniment of a full Wagnerian orchestra!

By many subtle touches Mr. Job has suggested the strange specter-haunted land of Cornwall, where the drama runs its course: the ghostly druid stones with their memories of human sacrifice, the drowned land of Lyonesse, where the fishermen in calm weather hear the bells pealing under the sea, the omens of death, and the superstitions of the inhabitants—all these are introduced naturally and tellingly and serve to create an atmosphere. The end of the second act, where Derek, realizing that his death alone will unravel the tangle, sits quietly down by the druid stone, and the first ray of the morning sun strikes him as it had struck the sacrificial victim long ages before, is one of the most impressive curtains I have seen for some time.



STUDENT ACTORS IN A SCENE FROM "DAWN IN LYONESSE"

As to the performance, Mr. Job, who did his own directing, knew what he wanted, and, considering that he had to work with the material on hand and could not pick and choose, went a long way toward getting it. Both actresses cast in the part of Ellen gave interesting performances. I did not specially care for the earlier scenes of the Ellen of the opening night—there was something rather harsh and deliberate about them—but in the dramatic scene of the funeral, she played with real power. The other Ellen, although obviously less experienced, seemed to me more the Ellen of Miss Chase's story. The scene where she and Miss Penrose read together the story of Tristram was very charmingly played; so were the scenes with the Professor in the second act, though she occasionally slipped into sentimentality.

I do not know whether it was due to the writing and directing of the part, or to the actresses who played it, but the Susan in the first act seemed far more of a conscious temptress than a woman suddenly and irresistibly in love. It rather spoils the Iseult analogy. This was much less apparent in the later scenes, which both actresses played very acceptably; the second Susan specially giving the character an effective forthright, earthy touch. I liked the dark, brooding Derek of the opening performance. The impression of emotional disturbance under an undemonstrative exterior was cleverly suggested. Another excellent performance was that of the Professor, which was easily and casually played with the proper professorial touch—I recognized a colleague! The other Professor, though very competently played, might just as well have been a doctor or a bond salesman on vacation. The sleepy "Boots" in the first performance was an amusing characterization, and both Miss Penroses delivered their rhymed philosophies in clipped and precise accents and duly got their laughs. I am naturally allergic to crazy and prophetic grandparents, but I guess the second grand-

mother did a good piece of work. The hotel guests, both men and women, but especially the women, seemed perilously near caricature in both casts.

"Dawn in Lyonesse" calls for six changes of scene—something to put a scene designer on his mettle. Mr. Weninger was quite equal to the occasion, and so were the invisible crew who did the work of changing, and who certainly deserve an orchid. The dining room of the Castle Hotel, with its vast tapestries peopled with shadowy figures from the Arthurian romances, was a mighty fine thing to look at, and did much to preserve the background of legend. I am quite sure that no hotel in Tintagel, nor anywhere else in the English provinces, possesses such a dining room, but that is beside the question. The scene of the druid stones, too, was impressive, and made more impressive still by Mr. Kimberly's skillful lighting.

I do not know whether the Cornish dialect was good or bad—at least, it was not disturbing. Personally, I have had enough dialect for one season. I trust that the director of "The Beggar's Opera," our next production, will not decide to play it in eighteenth-century cockney.

EDUCATED POWER

Men in leading positions are beginning to realize that the backbone of intellectual training lies in liberal education and in the adjustment of the content of the humanities to modern conditions. In this maturing of our hard-pressed democratic civilization, the classicist, the historian, the philosopher, and all the other devoted disciples of the learning called useless in this era of national adolescence, will come into their own again. And when this happens, and the mass of high-school and college graduates go back into industrial and political life in ever increasing numbers as educated people, there may be hope of the eventual triumph of human civilization.

—HANS ZINSSER

HOW TO READ

Read not to contradict and confute, nor to believe and take for granted, nor to find talk and discourse, but to weigh and to consider. Some books are to be tasted, others to be swallowed, and some few to be chewed and digested.

—FRANCIS BACON



TWO VIEWS OF AMERICA

AMERICA, as the fathers handed it down to us, was a country which inspired the early orators to offer it to the world as a refuge and a home to the oppressed of every land. A vast wilderness, occupied by savage men and wild beasts, it was cautiously explored by the first settlers with that apprehension of peril which might attend the entrance of travelers into a vaporous and poisonous jungle. The first colony of English men and women who braved the dangers of our distant Virginian shore suffered an unknown, mysterious, and baffling annihilation that covered every soul in it. The Mayflower, bringing a hundred passengers fourteen years later, lost half its voyagers in the privations of the first winter. But still they came in growing argosies; and when in 1787 they had formed their national government they ruled themselves among a population of 3,000,000, most of it born in Great Britain, or descended from British stock.

But as the years passed and the fame of the new country spread abroad, people began to come here from every corner of the world, and America grew gradually into a compact and unified nation representing all the tribes and all the races of the earth, with one desire to lay upon the land the unchangeable foundations of liberty, peace, and security. And that is the idea which America aims to accomplish today. No matter what angry controversies may

array the inhabitants of one foreign soil to provoke death and destruction against their despised neighbors, there is never any motive of that kind possible in America. Around us stand the walls of salvation which God delights to defend. Whatever happens, it is the dream of America to keep the peace. We aim to preserve the lives of our young men against war. No foreign bomb should touch our land and no torpedo violate our sea. We would not practice destruction abroad nor suffer it at home. When the conflict is over we would send food and comfort to all those upon whom the shadow of death has fallen, and alleviate their miseries. We would keep our lives, our homes, and our work forever safe against envy and attack. That is America with her national life isolated from the iniquities of war. That is what we all stand for in theory.

But there is now another America, which an unforgivable and murderous aggression has drawn into an upset condition that involves the whole of her physical, economical, and industrial life. The fact which this war has most emphasized is that no nation liveth unto itself. We have solemnly declared our abhorrence of war, we stand aloof from war, we are holding to peace with anxious but relaxing fingers. We endeavor to go upon our way regardless of threats, and conspiracies, and audaciously declared ambitions. Aloofness and isolation grow ever weaker as we arm against this wider

aggression, but amidst all its frightening alarms we ask and implore a just peace, based upon the restoration by the Chief Delinquent and his staff of all that has been seized from helpless nations by an irresistible and evil force; and their retirement from the seat of government. Armed to the teeth, America demands nothing but that kind of a peace, and there is a mighty union of purpose among us in making that demand. If the marauders will accept that single stipulation, we shall have peace throughout the world tomorrow morning. The soothing of the harassed people of the earth, and the merger of their lives in the redeemed family of nations would quickly follow the stoppage of the war.

PHILANTHROPY FOR PITTSBURGH

THE February number of THE CARNEGIE MAGAZINE contained a brief note on the death of Howard Heinz, a member of the Board of Trustees. No memorial minute could exaggerate the value and usefulness of Mr. Heinz, either in this special trusteeship, or in his constructive capacity as a citizen of Pittsburgh. Since that article was written, an abstract of his will has appeared in the newspapers, which reveals in part the beneficent purposes that grew with his own years, in his disposition to advance the spiritual welfare and understanding of the people, particularly the people of the Pittsburgh community.

Among the things that Mr. Heinz provides for in this thoughtful testament is the work in the Heinz House that will give the most help to boys and girls in the development of personal character, with high moral standards, "training them to be leaders of thought and action in all things that are right, true, and just, and above all to create and preserve a Christian atmosphere throughout the work of the Heinz House in all its departments."

Mr. Heinz requests his trustees to give first consideration to those particular charities and institutions which he

supported during his lifetime, among them the Heinz Memorial Chapel, the Shadyside Presbyterian Church, the Community Fund, the West Penn Hospital, the Shadyside Hospital, and finally, the Pittsburgh Symphony Orchestra.

It is a beautiful allocation of his wealth. In times like these, when the world is engulfed in economic and physical confusion, disturbance, and distress, it requires an unusual breadth of mind and depth of purpose for any man to take account of his neighbors' necessities beyond a merely formal provision. But Mr. Heinz, even after he has passed through the wide-open gate that leads into the undiscovered country, will always be present in spirit when those provisions for human uplift and cultural expansion which he so much loved are brought up again and again for substantial encouragement and promotion.

It is significant just at this time that Mr. Heinz has given especial mention to the duty of supporting the Pittsburgh Symphony Orchestra in its hard struggle for permanent success. This enterprise, so essential to the musical culture of Pittsburgh, was one of the uppermost things in his mind. He was a regular attendant at meetings of the Orchestra board, he kept his own door wide ajar for the frequent conferences of his associates; and his purse, like his home, was opened not once each year, but several times when financial provisions were necessary.

Another great Pittsburgher, whose death preceded that of Howard Heinz, was Andrew W. Mellon; and it is fascinating to observe the similarity of thinking which moved both of these successful men to philanthropic action in the distribution of what Andrew Carnegie called surplus wealth. Mr. Mellon, through the same means of a trusteeship, left an abundant fund for human welfare in all its wants, including the magnificent gallery of art that has just now been inaugurated, to become the pride of the nation, and his executors are always mindful of reaching a helping hand into destitution,

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whether it be of the body or the mind. Especially—and this is why we refer to it here—especially are they solicitous and generous in their cheerful obligation, inherited from Mr. Mellon, of giving money with the utmost liberality toward the support of this superb Orchestra.

Pittsburgh should not be slow in following this leadership in the field of musical culture. Fritz Reiner, one of the great conductors of the country, is the Orchestra's head, and he has built it up to masterly achievements, having added eighteen new members well experienced from other orchestras at the beginning of this year. If Mr. Mellon and Mr. Heinz could now speak out on this subject, they would, with their powerful influence, advocate the immediate merger of the Pittsburgh Symphony Orchestra with the Pittsburgh Orchestra Association, giving Pittsburgh one body of united power and purpose, commanding the whole orchestra field, where there are now two, each with a divided policy and a divided loyalty.

When this breach is repaired it is highly probable that the influence of the consolidated society will be called upon to open the door at Pittsburgh for a short season of Metropolitan Opera, as conversations covering that subject have already begun.

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